The Undertaker's Tale.

We did not drop suddenly upon the subject, but wandered into it in a natural way — I & my pleasant new acquaintance. He said it "was about this way" — & began:

Toward nightfall on the 14th of January, 18—, I trudged into the poor little village of Hydesburg. I had walked far, that day, at least it seemed far for a half-starved boy of fifteen to have come. I had lain in a barn the night before, & been discovered & roughly driven away early in the morning. I had begged for food & shelter at three farm houses during the day, but had been refused. At the last place the chil-

He read this one evening to an unresponsive audience at the farm

"O, precious, precious tidings! — blest be the tongue that has uttered them!"